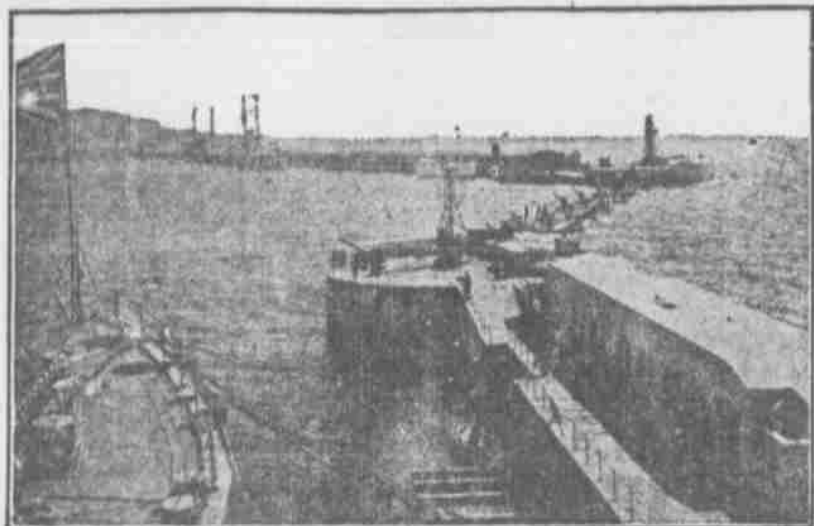


MARVELS of THE EARTH

□ □ □ □ □ □ CURIOUS, ODD AND □ □ □ □ □ □
INTERESTING OBJECTS AND PLACES □

Key of the Mediterranean



During the annual mobilization of the British fleet at Gibraltar the great boom closing the entrance to the harbor is positioned. It consists of rafts from which steel torpedo nets are stretched below the water.

SHIKILLIMY PROFILE.

The clearly cut profile of the rock shown in the accompanying illustration is entirely the work of nature. The profile has been carved by the great artist from a perfectly solid face at least twelve feet high. It is to be seen on Blue Hill, just opposite the town of Northumberland, Pa., across the West branch of the Susquehanna river. The hill on which it is located



has just sufficient curvature plainly to outline the profile against the sky, thus making it easily recognizable even at a considerable distance. While the natural curiosity is sometimes called the Blue Hill profile, and the Giant's face, the natives of the locality always refer to it as the Shikillimy profile, the name being that of an Indian chief who once commanded a tribe in this section of the state. The profile attracts hundreds of visitors every year.

A REAL TREASURE HOUSE

Mrs. J. W. Madden, who lived over a grocery store, run on her behalf by her foster son, Ed Halley, died recently at Memphis. She was an invalid and had not left her room in 17 years, and mystery surrounded the whereabouts of her fortune, consisting of rentals and other dividends from considerable holdings, as she didn't believe in banks. Halley engaged a friend to assist him in the treasure hunt. They discovered \$30,000 in gold and silver under the carpet and behind old pictures the first day. Police were used to guard the premises, and the final day's hunt ended in \$184,000 in all being deposited in the savings bank. Halley and his friend have booked for a trip round the world to celebrate the discovery of the domestic gold mine.

MEETS A STRANGE DEATH

Patrick Drum, employed on the estate of Levi C. Wain of Locust Valley, L. I., met instant death the other day in a peculiar manner. He was mowing the lawn in front of the house when he came to a piece of wire hanging from a pole, but he paid no attention to it.

As the steel running gear of the mowing machine struck the wire in a spot where the insulation had been worn the man fell lifeless. It was discovered that what he ran over was a charged electric light wire which had been blown down.

Writing Their Biographies

Wives of Congressmen, Not to Be Outdone by Husbands, Prepare Own Personal Sketches.

Not to be outdone by their husbands, each of whom has a chance to spread himself in an autobiography upon the pages of the Congressional Directory, the wives of senators and representatives who compose the Congressional club in Washington are busy getting up biographies of themselves, which will shortly be seen in print. Here is one of the questions which has opened up lots of discussion:

"Were the voters in your own family of the same political faith as your husband?"

These answers developed that there are even successful inventors among congressmen's wives. Successful teachers, talented musicians and artists abound. Many have hobbies which would, they believe, in time of stress, "set them a good income."

SNAKE TWISTS OWN HEAD OFF

Fred A. Schermerhorn, a guide and trapper living on Tom's Mountain, Conn., who piloted a party headed by Rev. Franklin W. Elmer of Winsted over the Taconic mountains, tells of witnessing a remarkable fight between a rattler and a blacksnake.

The rattler was coiled and the black snake sped around the poisonous snake in a circle, steadily increasing its speed. The rattlesnake turned its head so fast to keep track of its enemy that it broke its neck and the blacksnake emerged triumphant from the battle, which in reality was a ring-around-a-rosy marathon.

Schermerhorn catches blacksnakes in their dens with his hands. He has 15 large, lively ones in a box on his back porch which he handles without gloves. Two of the pet snakes wintered in his cellar.

HEART ON THE WRONG SIDE

A remarkable natural phenomenon was revealed at Sienna, in Italy, lately when a young shoemaker named Dino Tacamoni appeared to undergo medical inspection for military conscription.

The doctors in attendance made the astounding discovery that Dino has his heart on the right side and his liver on the left.

A specialist summoned to the consultation, however, said that though the case is most exceptional, there is no reason why he should not be a long liver, as the heart is quite normal in its action. Tacamoni is to be studied by a commission of physiological experts.

FINDS A WHITE RATTLESNAKE

Dr. S. Maddox of Monroe county, Missouri, while in his field watching his sons plow, found a white rattlesnake with seven rattles. This is the first white rattlesnake ever found in that section.

Metallic and Amphibious



Mr. Moisant, an American resident in Paris, has constructed a novel aeroplane in which no wood or canvas is used. The wings are made of thin aluminum and the lower parts are of steel. The motor and the pilot's seat are placed in a car built to float on water, with two flat stabilizers, one on each side. Mr. Moisant has already made some short flights in his machine.

wives of congressmen has shown me that their lives are extremely interesting. They come from all parts of the country and from all the varied stocks which compose our heterogeneous population. Add to this the fact that they are the wives of the men the American people have chosen to represent them and it is easy to see that they are possibly the most representative class of women in the country. I began to ask the other members of the club to write little biographies of themselves for my own personal. They treated it as a joke, but I soon saw that the information they gave, if accessible to all the members, would afford wonderfully interesting reading.

HORSE WALKS OVER TRESTLE

Without any hesitancy a horse walked the ties across the old Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad bridge one-half mile long, between Beaver and Monaca, Pa. Several times during its walk the horse went to the edge and looked down on the water, 90 feet below.

DEER IN A DRUG STORE

The bull in a china shop was done in Newburgh, N. Y., by a doe in a drug store. The deer, two years old and weighing about 150 pounds, ran through the principal streets of the city, leaped through a plate-glass window in the store of Ennis' pharmacy, and then through a plate-glass mirror that stood across the main aisle in the store. The animal turned, retraced its steps, and leaped through the same opening in the window through which it came. Cut and bleeding, the doe crossed Broadway to a place where improvements were being made. It leaped the boards in front, about five feet in height, and fell between the iron girders to the cellar, 12 feet below.

Dr. Willet Kidd, assistant chief game protector, had the deer removed to a barn, where it will be kept until it recovers from its injuries, and then will be released. The deer made sad havoc in the drug store.

The deer is presumably the one that escaped death by the Empire States Express across the Hudson, swam the river to Bannerman's island, rested, and then came to the western shore.

WALKING HAMMOCK OF ORIENT



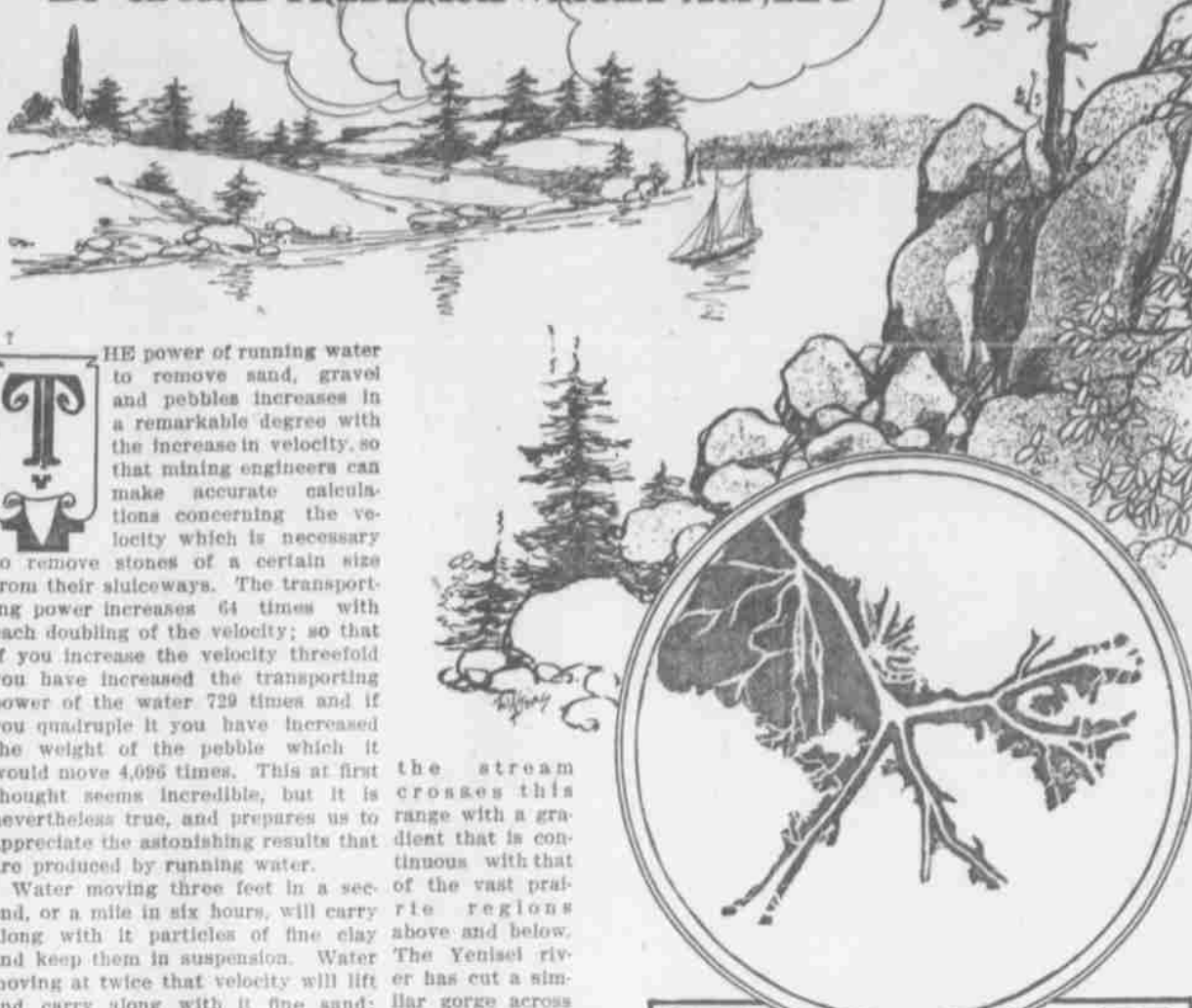
Among the Bedouins of the Holy Land and other parts of the orient, it is to be seen occasionally a remarkable hammock-like arrangement hanging on supports that rest on a camel's back. The contrivance is so large that two or three women and children can ride in it at a time.

SWALLOWS HANDFUL OF PINS

Mrs. Frederick B. Malkin, prominent socially in South Norwalk, Conn., died in agony as the result of having swallowed a handful of pins. Mrs. Malkin had been acting strangely for several weeks. Not until she was taken with spasms did it become known she had swallowed the pins. She writhed in agony for six hours and the physicians were unable to relieve her suffering. She was thirty years old, and left a husband and a little daughter. Coroner H. H. Huntington was called in the case, and an autopsy was performed. While there was no doubt the pins caused death, the doctors were eager to ascertain actual facts and data, as the case is a most unusual one. Although not suspected previously, it is now thought Mrs. Malkin was unbalanced mentally.

ASTONISHING POWER of RUNNING WATER

By GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT A.M., LL.D.



THE power of running water to remove sand, gravel and pebbles increases in a remarkable degree with the increase in velocity, so that mining engineers can make accurate calculations concerning the velocity which is necessary to remove stones of a certain size from their sluiceways. The transporting power increases 64 times with each doubling of the velocity; so that if you increase the velocity threefold you have increased the transporting power of the water 729 times and if you quadruple it you have increased the weight of the pebble which it would move 4,096 times. This at first thought seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and prepares us to appreciate the astonishing results that are produced by running water.

Water moving three feet in a second, or a mile in six hours, will carry along with it particles of fine clay and keep them in suspension. Water moving at twice that velocity will lift and carry along with it fine sand; while a velocity four times as great will sweep along fine gravel and water moving at the rate of two miles an hour will carry along stones as big as a hen's egg. There is hardly any limit to the size of a pebble that would be rolled along by a current of six or eight miles an hour, blocks as big as houses being sometimes set in motion and transported for considerable distances.

In various ways one can obtain positive evidence of this power of water transportation. If, for instance, he attempts to wade across the Platte river in Nebraska, which is overloaded with sand and has a gradient of seven or eight feet to the mile, and hence a very rapid current, he will find his bare legs stung by the particles of sand and fine gravel that are driven against them. Or if after a storm one pauses to listen he will hear what sounds like distant cannonading, produced by the knocking of the stones together as they are rolled along upon the bottom of the stream.

The erosive power of a stream flowing over a rocky bed is determined by its ability to shove along sand and pebbles and gravel over its bottom. It is these particles of solid matter that accomplish the erosion, acting as a rasp, or sandpaper, or more properly a sand blast, to remove the solid rock beneath and deepen the channel of a stream. In order to do this, however, there has to be proper adjustment between the supply of loose solid matter to be transported and the volume and velocity of the water. If there is more sand and gravel than the current can handle, this will accumulate upon the bottom and fill up rather than deepen the bed. If there is too little material the stream will flow over the rocks without effecting much erosion, while if there is just the right amount of solid matter to be shoved along it will deepen the channel with great rapidity.

There are many striking examples of the work which has been accomplished by rivers in deepening and widening their channels. We look upon the rise of mountain chains as being most majestic illustrations of the power of natural forces, but the fact is equally impressive that in many cases rivers which run across the line of mountain elevation are able to wear down their channels as fast as the mountains rise and thus maintain their ancient onward course. The Hudson river has thus sawed down a channel through the solid rocks which in ancient geologic times arose across its course at West Point and below, all that picturesque valley of the Hudson being a valley of erosion. The Delaware river has worn an even more striking gorge through the Blue Ridge at the Delaware Water Gap, where it cuts directly across the very hard strata of Medina sandstone constituting Blue Ridge, forming perpendicular walls on either side 1,000 feet in height. Similar gorges are found in the Susquehanna and Potomac and many other rivers along the Appalachian chain just above where they emerge upon the surrounding lowland. We often speak of such rivers as "bursting" through their barrier. But there was no bursting in the operation. These gorges were cut by the slow process which we have described, the rivers lowering their channels gradually as the mountains slowly rose across them.

Among the most striking examples of rivers which have by erosion kept pace with the elevation of mountains across their course is the Columbia river, in Oregon, where for a long distance it occupies a trough running directly through the mountain chain thousands of feet in depth. Another very striking instance is that to be seen in the Amur river where it crosses the Bureya mountains in eastern Siberia. For nearly 100 miles

the stream crosses this range with a gradient that is continuous with that of the vast prairie regions above and below. The Yenisei river has cut a similar gorge across the granite mountain chain which rose up to separate the fertile plains of Minutia, one strikes into the various branches of the Ohio river and finds himself in a trench several hundred feet below the general level of the land, and extending for more than 1,000 miles in length until the river emerges into the center of the Mississippi valley. The upper part of the Mississippi occupies a similar gorge for a still greater distance. Everywhere along this portion of their course on ascending either side of the rivers to the summit, one will find himself upon a vast plain, extending off in either direction, whose main superficial irregularities are those which have been produced by the erosion of the countless smaller streams which joined together make the great rivers.

Coming to our own country, we have in addition to the streams already mentioned, gorges and canons on a most impressive scale in the upper part of the Susquehanna river, where the east branch cuts across the Allegheny mountains south of the state of New York, and forms the beautiful Wyoming valley, which is wholly one of erosion. The west branch has likewise cut a gorge of equal dimensions 50 miles or more in length west of Williamsport, which is fully 1,000 feet in depth, as one can see by the fact that here the coal mines on either side are that distance above the bed of the stream and of the railroad track. Coming to the

Matchmaking of Japanese

Mr. Orio Tamura, as we will call our young gentleman, is about twenty years old, an article in the Wide World says. He is an up-to-date Japanese, and has put off all thoughts of matrimony until this comparatively late date—for Japan—in order to finish his university studies. Now, however, he has finished his training, and has intimated to his father, as a dutiful son should, that he would like to marry. That is all he is required to do, at present; it is the business of his parents to take the next step.

Orio's father, presumably, has some quiet talks with his wife on the subject, and then betakes himself to a professional matchmaker, or go-between. These marriage brokers are of a class apart—discreet men of the world, with a good deal of insight into human nature. For the sake of his own reputation and future the go-between usually does his best to please all parties.

Sometimes, in the east as in the west, love laughs at restraints, and somebody or other conveys a hint to the marriage broker that a meeting between Mr. A— and Miss Z— might not be unacceptable to both; in which case the task is easy. Usually, however, he takes time to look around him, and he in turn—how indispensable the ladies are in these

matters—consults his wife. At last, carefully considering the official and social position of the persons and families interested, he suggests that a certain Miss Chrysanthemum would make a most desirable bride for the "learned son of the honorable house of Tamura."

Once more Orio's father consults his wife and sundry other relations, and, having no fault to find with the go-between's suggestion, instructs the latter to proceed. The marriage broker's next step is to approach the parents of the young lady he has in view and arrange a formal appointment for mutual inspection—it is known as the "look-at-each-other meeting"—between the prospective bride and bridegroom at the house of the bride's father, and in the presence of that gentleman and the go-between himself.

The meeting usually takes the form of a conventional tea party, at which the prospective bride does the honors. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that she does not wear the oldest clothes on this occasion. Here, for the first time in their lives, the young lady and Orio set eyes on each other. Etiquette forbids them to speak to each other, but nevertheless they are doubtless very busy taking "stock" of the other's appearance and manners.

Fate of a Merchant of Fez

The merchants of Fez are to be found all over Morocco. In due course All Mahmoud launches out into business on a large scale, says the London Graphic. He prospers exceedingly and presently purchases a black female slave to assist his wife in her duties. All Mahmoud takes a house in the pleasant olive groves. In course of time he buys two more slaves and is fairly set up as a householder.

When his first daughter is born there is great rejoicing. The baby is immediately stained all over its little body with henna and then smeared liberally with butter and wrapped in woolen clothes. On the seventh day these are removed and the child is washed for the first time. When the girl has reached her first year her head is shaved, leaving a little tuft by which Mohammed could catch her up to heaven if he were so disposed. In her seventh year her hair has grown long again. She is then veiled, and her proud father sets about looking for a husband for her. It is still the custom to betroth children from infancy.

All Mahmoud prospers, and, save for a few domestic troubles, his life runs smoothly. In the evenings All will sit and smoke in the bosom of his family. On Thursdays and Saturdays he visits his friends. They pass

the time in simple games of cards or in listening to the weird efforts of itinerant musicians. Our merchant gets stout as he approaches middle age. One day his world tumbles about him. Such is the uncertainty of fate in Morocco.

He was serving in his shop when the customer suddenly raised his voice and cried out that he was getting false weight. The accusation was terrible, and All vehemently protested his innocence. It was an arranged charge by an enemy of the merchant, who philosophically bowed his head with this saying: "Kismet! Mine enemy has found me, and the serpent requires milk." The arbitrators were called, and, having been bribed previously, they find Mahmoud guilty and sentence him to the usual punishment meted out to givers of false weights. He is dragged to the southern wall of the city, to a place where a tall gibbet is erected. By the irony of fate it is within sight of his own house. A rope is made fast to his right wrist and hoisted up until his toes can just touch the ground. Here he is left till sunset. The idlers leer at him and the gamins of the quarter pelt him with stones and refuse. At sundown his friends carry him home. Broken and disgraced, thus ended his career as a respectable merchant.

Public Schools Lose Ground

The statement has just been made that a smaller proportion of children go to the public schools now than went ten years ago, says the New York Sun. At the same time the enrollment of students in colleges has increased. The theory is that the high cost of living takes the poorer children from the public schools and puts them to work. The pinch is not felt by the well-to-do, who in increasing

numbers send their young folks to institutions of higher learning.

The public school population is reckoned on persons of the ages from five to eighteen years. According to the American Educational Review all divisions of the country show a decrease with the exception of the western.

The total returns indicate that there were enrolled in 1907-08 some

69.32 per cent. of the school population, while in 1900 72.43 per cent. were enrolled. The loss in New York city in the decade approximates 2 per cent.

A Cheery Impression.

"We should always help people to look on the bright and hopeful side of things."

"My sentiments exactly," replied Farmer Cornutus. "That's why I always put the big berries at the top of the box."

NO MORE THAN HE DESERVED

Conscienceless Interrupter of Suffragette Meeting Probably a Sadder and Wiser Man.

The suffragette meeting is in full blast. Enthusiasm was rampant and every remark the distinguished leader made was cheered to the echo.

"And now we come to personal courage," cried the speaker, excitedly; "our masculine enemies try to deride us with such allusions as 'frail femininity,' or 'weaker vessels,' but we can show more bravery than men."

"Aye, aye, sister!" echoed a mighty chorus.

"When it comes to real danger we fear nothing."

"Aye, aye, sister!"

"Now, take sister Horn, our worthy fighter and vote getter of this district. She fears nothing. Two nights in succession sister Horn came home from one of our enthusiastic meetings and found a man under her bed."

There was a short pause. Then a little emaciated chap who had crept to the front unobserved arose and stretched his arms.

"Hm!" he ejaculated, with a deep yawn. "I'll bet a dollar sign a plug of tobacco that man was her husband seeking safety."

And when the little emaciated chap finally recovered his bearings he was on the sidewalk minus hat and collar.

Try This, This Summer.

The very next time you're hot, tired or thirsty, step up to a soda fountain and get a glass of Coca-Cola. It will cool you off, relieve your bodily and mental fatigue and quench your thirst delightfully. At soda fountains or carbonated in bottles—5¢ everywhere. Delicious, refreshing and wholesome. Send to the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells what Coca-Cola is and why it is so delicious, refreshing and thirst-quenching. And send 5¢ stamp for the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910—contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities.

When Father Helped.

The fond father held the manuscript while his son practised the oration.

"Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant," cried the youth, "to—to—to—well, what is it?"

The father was wrestling with the manuscript.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "here it is: 'to desecrate.' Go on."

"It's desecrate," cried the boy, indignantly. "Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant to desecrate the—the—the—?"

"Why don't you prompt me?"

The father was staring hard at the manuscript.

"The—the poodle—poodle—poodle—um of our liver ties," he stammered.

"It's the 'palladium of our liberties,'" roared the boy. "Gimme that paper—I'll say it myself."

And he stalked away angrily.

But He Wasn't.

Senator Dewey, in his Washington residence on his seventy-sixth birthday, told a reporter that his health was perfect.

"You do, indeed, sir," said the reporter, heartily, "look the picture of health."

"Yes," said the senator, "I shouldn't have said I was well if my appearance didn't bear me out. A self-contradiction didn't bear me out. A self-contradiction. You have heard about the census taker?"

"A census taker rang the bell of a Hillier place residence the other day and an elderly gentleman opened the door."

"I'd like to see the head of the house," said the census taker.

"S-sh! Not so loud!" whispered the elderly gentleman. "Now, what is it? I'm the head of the house?"

Lightning Rods on the White House. The White House is going to have lightning rods. They will be put on some time this summer. The distinguished occupants of the mansion past and present have never been protected against Jupiter's bolts. The rods will be put on every part of the building, except the low offices where the president transacts his official business. Col. Spencer S. Colby, United States superintendent of public grounds and buildings, persuaded Mr. Taft that the White House ought to be equipped with the rods and executive approval was given. The cost will be between \$500 and \$600.—Philadelphia, North America.

A Serious Blunder. "Yes," said the drug clerk, "I am called up occasionally to compound prescriptions at night."

"Isn't a man apt to make mistakes working in semi-darkness?"

"You bet he is. I took a plugged quarter once."

A woman can stand a lot of suffering if she doesn't have to keep quiet.

A Pleasing Combination Post Toasties

with Cream and Sugar.

Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish.

The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavour—a fascination that appeals to the appetite.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers, Pkgs. 10c and 15c

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD. Battle Creek, Mich.